

**DANGER**

**SECRET AGENTS... SPIES  
ESPIONAGE... INTRIGUE**

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE

**CA**  
AUTHORITY

**No 12**

# DANGER

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





Come on, Buddy, Quit being A BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY **YOU Can do ALL I did!**

I gained **25 Terrific LBS. of HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES** all over!

I improved my **HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%**

I won **NEW STRENGTH** for money-making work!  
for WINNING at all SPORTS!

I won **NEW POPULARITY** Won NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS  
NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS



"I'm PROUD to be seen with Jim NOW! Every-body admires his build," says Nellie.  
"Jim can lift the front of a 2700 lb. car.  
He amazes his friends!"



You'll be A Real ATHLETE in ALL SPORTS Soon after YOU mail Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER in ALL SPORTS NOW. YOU will be, too, soon.



COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

"Congratulations, John! At last you mailed the coupon as EVERY MAN should. Soon You'll be as big and strong as I am!" says Jim Norman to John Luckus



NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are I'll make you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like You?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A WINNER IN EVERYTHING you tackle

## LAST CHANCE - ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER  
3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. CH-53

Tell Me How To WIN \$100, etc.

"Jawett Courses greatest in World for Building All-around HE-MEN!" - R. F. Kaitley Physical Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING  
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.  
Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip 4. How to Build a Mighty Back 5. How to Build Mighty Legs. Now all in One Volume. How to become a Mighty HE-MAN! ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING inc. C.O.D.'s!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

**SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!**

How did I do ALL This? I mailed the Coupon and got These **5** PICTURE-PACKED HE-MAN COURSES

Which YOU can NOW get FREE

BEFORE \$1 PRICE GOES BACK Millions Sold for \$1



"I gained 60 lbs. of muscles," says John Sill.



"I added 7 inches to my CHEST 3 inches to each ARM," says Jobie Jackson



"HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP By GEORGE F. JOWETT"



"HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY LEGS By GEORGE F. JOWETT"

AMAZING SECRETS HOW TO WIN MUSCLES LIKE IRON HERMES OF THE TITAN TRIPLET YOU CAN BECOME AN ALL-AROUND ALL-AMERICAN IN 10 MINUTES A DAY PHOTO BOOK

GET ALL 5 FREE

1

2

3

4

5

Mail the "ALL FREE" coupon get this "AMAZING SECRETS" Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL, ACT, like A Real HE-MAN! Win Women and Men Friends. Win in Sports! Win Promotion, Praise, Popularity.

This BOOK will also show You HOW YOU CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" tall SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)

Hi Pal! Win \$100 as I just did!

YOU CAN WIN a BIG 15" SILVER CUP as I just did! with YOUR NAME engraved on it!



JIM NORMAN

AFTER

He Mailed Coupon Below is Cleveland

BEFORE

He Mailed Coupon

90 lbs. Skeleton

He says, I gained 70 lbs. of mighty muscle



Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

DANGER

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HI, THERE!

I'M CAPTAIN BROOKS  
OF THE AIR FORCE! BEEN  
GOING OVER A FEW INCIDENTS  
THAT I BELIEVE PLAYED  
AN IMPORTANT PART  
IN THE FINAL OUTCOME  
OF **WORLD WAR II!**

ONE SUCH AFFAIR  
WAS THE BLOWING OF  
THE TRICONA BRIDGE.

**I CALL IT**

# the BRIDGE of VICTORY

I KNEW SOMETHING WAS  
UP WHEN I WAS SUDDENLY  
CALLED TO HEADQUARTERS  
AT OUR OVERSEAS AIR-  
BASE! THERE I MET  
SECRET AGENT X-32  
WHO HAD JUST ARRIVED  
FROM BELLONA WITH  
A FABULOUS PLAN---

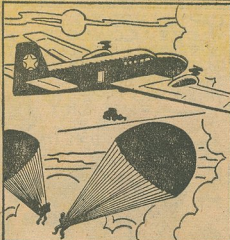
WE MAY HAVE A  
CHANCE TO MESS  
UP VON RUNSTEDT'S  
RETREAT IF WE  
CAN BLOW UP THE  
TRICONA BRIDGE  
ACROSS THE PO  
RIVER.

WHY, THAT'S  
THE MAIN  
ARTERY TO  
AUSTRIA!  
IT SOUNDS  
REASONABLE  
TO ME!

YES, I SEE THE  
TRICONA BRIDGE.  
IT'S ABOUT 40  
MILES AWAY  
FROM THE  
JUMP POINT IN  
THE MOUNTAINS!  
WHAT CONTACTS  
WILL I HAVE?

WE'VE ARRANGED  
FOR SOME PAR-  
TISANS BUT  
THEY ALSO HAVE  
THEIR HANDS  
FULL WITH  
LOCAL FASCISTS.  
THE TRICONA  
BRIDGE IS OF  
COURSE, HEAVILY  
GUARDED.

WITHIN A FEW HOURS I HAD  
GATHERED MY CRACK TEAM  
TOGETHER---BUCKY, STEVE,  
AND REMY. WHEN OUR PLANE  
REACHED THE MOUNTAINOUS  
AREA WE FIRST TOSSED OUT  
OUR SUPPLIES, GUNS AND  
AMMUNITION. THEN---





SOFT LANDING ANYHOW!  
I THINK I COULD USE A  
SNOWPLOW TO GET OUT  
OF THIS!

I'LL BE RIGHT  
WITH YOU,  
BUCKY! I WONDER  
WHERE OUR PART-  
ISAN FRIENDS  
ARE!

THE MOST IMPORT-  
ANT THING WE  
HAVE IS THAT  
RADIO! BE CARE-  
FULL! IT'S OUR  
LIFELINE TO  
HEADQUARTERS  
IN BARI.

HEY, CAPT-  
AIN, I THINK  
OUR FRIENDS  
ARE DROP-  
PING IN.  
THERE'S  
THE RED  
BEAM!

BOY, WHAT  
A FIERCE  
LOOKING  
RECEPTION  
COMMITTEE!  
I'D HATE TO  
BE THE OP-  
POSITION.  
WHAT DO  
WE DO  
NOW?

THE PASSWORD...  
"PAISANI... WE HAVE  
COME TO BUY  
A BRIDGE!

"IT IS YOURS  
FOR THE  
ASKING..."  
BENE... YOU  
ARE MUCH  
WELCOME. I'M  
CARLO AND  
THIS IS MY  
ARMY.

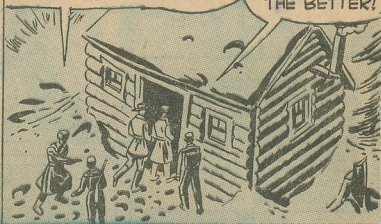


I SEE YOU HAVE BROUGHT  
MANY GOOD WEAPONS!  
WE WILL SHOW THOSE  
GERMANS HOW TO  
FIGHT NOW!

YOU KNOW  
OUR MISSION  
CARLO. WHAT  
IS THE SITU-  
ATION HERE?

IT WILL BE VERY DANGEROUS!  
RIGHT NOW WE ARE CUT OFF.  
THE FASCISTS HAVE A  
STRONG GUARD ON THE  
ROADS AND THE BRIDGE  
IS FORTY MILES AWAY.  
THEIR GARRISON MUST  
BE DESTROYED BEFORE  
WE ATTACK THE BRIDGE.

WE HAVE  
BROUGHT  
BAZOOKAS,  
TNT, MORTARS  
AND MACHINE  
GUNS! MY  
MEN ARE RE-  
ADY, I SAY,  
THE SOONER  
THE BETTER!



THAT NIGHT A PLAN OF ACTION WAS  
UP AND IN THE EARLY DAWN...

CAPTAIN BROOKS... IT  
WILL BE A COMPLETE  
SURPRISE! GOOD  
GOOD! MY MEN WILL  
TAKE THE BACK...  
WHEN YOU FIRE THE  
FIRST SHOT,  
WE WILL  
RUSH THE  
BUILDING

AND WHEN YOU  
HEAR MY WHIS-  
TLE, FALL BACK.  
THE CHARGES  
WILL GO OFF



THEY'RE COMPLETELY SURPRISED.  
C'MON, GET THOSE CHARGES IN,  
BUCKY! KEEP THOSE BAZOOKA  
SHELLS FLYING, STEVE. I'M  
GOING INSIDE!





THE BACKROOMS ARE  
CLEANED OUT!

IN A FEW MOMENTS,  
THE GARRISON WILL  
BE A WRECK.



THE CHARGES ARE  
SET, CAPTAIN.  
LET'S GO!

**WHEEE!**

NOT ONE OF  
THEM HAS ESCAPED!  
IT HAS BEEN  
A GREAT DAY FOR  
FREE ITALY.



I HAVE BEEN WAIT-  
ING FOR THIS  
MOMENT FOR 2  
YEARS! THE  
PAPER'S WILL  
PROBABLY RE-  
PORT 1000  
MEN ATTACKED  
THE GARRISON,  
HA, HA!

WE'LL GO  
BACK TO YOUR  
HEAD-  
QUARTER  
NOW AND  
PLAN OUR  
NEXT MOVE  
AGAINST THE  
TRICONA  
BRIDGE!

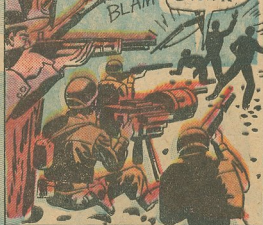


THE BRIDGE  
IS THE ONLY  
ONE IN THE  
PROVINCE  
FOR 200  
MILES. IF  
IT IS DE-  
STROYED,  
THE GER-  
MANS ARE  
LEFT WITH  
NO ESCAPE..

WHAT'S THAT?  
LET'S GO  
CARLO, WE  
WILL TALK  
ABOUT IT  
LATER!

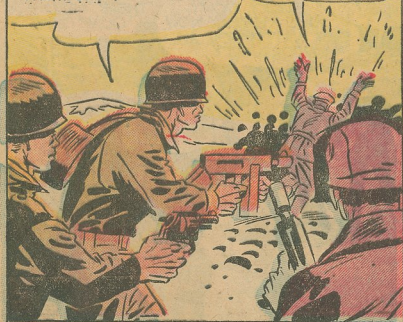
IT'S LIKE  
FIRING DOWN  
A RAIN BARREL.  
LOOK AT THEM  
FALL!

THERE MUST  
BE 500 MEN  
DOWN THERE.  
IF OUR AMMO  
HOLDS OUT,  
VERY FEW'LL  
GET BACK TO  
TELL THE  
STORY!



THEY'RE RETREATING!  
AFTER THEM AND CUT  
THEM OFF!

AVANTI! AVANTI!



THERE WAS NO FIGHT LEFT IN THE  
ATTACKERS. THEY FLED, LEAVING  
HALF THEIR FORCE DEAD IN THE  
SNOW.

HOLD UP! ENOUGH! THEY  
ARE RUNNING TOO FAST TO  
CATCH UP WITH.

CEASE FIRE!  
OUR AMMU-  
NITION IS  
RUNNING  
LOW!





HELLO BARI! VENTURE X-4 REPORTING; AMMO LOW. DROP AS BEFORE. MISSION DEPENDS ON IT! OVER!

WE'VE MADE CONTACT! GOOD! WE CAN'T AFFORD ANOTHER FIGHT NOW UNTIL WE GET ANOTHER DROP.

IT MAY TAKE A FEW DAYS BEFORE WE GET THAT DROP. I THINK WE'LL LOOK OVER THE TERRAIN IN THE MEANTIME! HEY, WHO'S THAT?

SEMBINI, ONE OF OUR SPIES IN TOWN. HE'S VERY EXCITED

CARLO! CARLO! I HAVE NEWS



CARLO YOU MUST LEAVE! I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES, 1000 GERMAN S.S. TROOPS ARE DOWN BELOW WITH TANKS AND ARTILLERY. LEAVE NOW! ALREADY THEIR GUNS ARE SET UP BELOW!

I WAS AFRAID OF THIS! WE WILL HAVE TO SPLIT UP! THEY PROBABLY HAVE PATROLS OUT. LET'S PICK A RENDEZ-VOUS AND MEET IN 48 HOURS.

ALLRIGHT THEN, BULENTO IS OUR MEETING PLACE IN 48 HOURS IF WE GET THROUG ALIVE, THE S.S. ARE BEGINNING TO SHELL US.

SI, THEY ARE ZEROING IN WITH 88'S. IT'S NO LONGER SAFE.

I KILLED THE SET. IT WON'T BE OF ANY USE TO THE JERRIES NOW. HOW IN BLAZES ARE WE GOING TO CONTACT BARI AGAIN?

LET'S NOT WORRY ABOUT THAT NOW. WE'RE JUST ISOLATED AND HAVE TO GET ALONG ON OUR OWN FOR A WHILE. C'MON THEIR FINDING OUR RANGE.



THAT IS WISE, CAPTAIN!



CALLING BARI. CANCEL DROP TO VENTURE X-4. WE HAVE JERRY TROUBLE.



WE'VE COME ABOUT 4 MILES. LOOK FOOTPRINTS. FROM HOBNAILD BOOTS. THERE'S PATROLS IN THIS AREA. LET US GET OFF THE PATH!

WE'RE NEAR THE S.S. MOUNTAIN BATTALION HEADQUARTERS

HALT AMERIKANER! SCHNELL, UP WITH YOUR HANDS!

WE STUMBLED RIGHT INTO IT, BUCKY. DON'T MAKE A BREAK NOW BUT WATCH FOR AN OPPORTUNITY.

OK, BUT I DON'T LIKE GOING TO THEIR HEAD-QUARTERS





ACH. THE HAUPTMANN WILL BE PLEASED TO SEE THE AMERIKANER EVEN, MAYBE, WE WILL GET A PASS TO AUSTRIA.

JA, THESE DUMM-KOEPFFE WILL TALK WHEN THE HAUPTMANN GETS THROUGH WITH THEM!



NOW, BUCKY! RUN FOR IT!

HALT, HALT! KILL THEM, DO NOT LET THEM ESCAPE!



(GASP)...THEY HIT MY LEG! I CAN'T GET VERY FAR THIS WAY! HAVE TO WAIT FOR DARK. I HOPE BUCKY GOT AWAY!



ACH! SO! WE HAVE WOUNDED HIM. SPREAD OUT AND SEARCH! HE IS VERY CLOSE. I WILL FOLLOW THIS TRAIL!



THE OTHER ONE HAS DISAPPEARED. IN THIS VER-DAMMTE MOUNTAIN HOW CAN WE FIND ANYONE!

CAPTAIN BROOKS LEFT AN INDELIBLE TRAIL AND HIS WOUND SLOWED HIM TO A WALK. HIS PURSUERS GAINED ON HIM AND FINALLY...

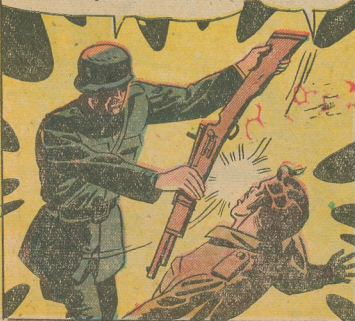
HERAUS, AMERIKANER, BEFORE WE SHOOT YOU LIKE A DOG!

SAVE YOUR BULLETS, I'M COMING OUT!



THIS WILL TEACH YOU NOT TO RUN AWAY AGAIN, IDIOT! UP ON YOUR FEET, WE HAVE NO TIME!

TAKE IT EASY... OOWWW!



AT THE SS. MOUNTAIN BATTALION HEADQUARTERS

HAUPTMAN HEIDIG, WE WISH TO REPORT CAPTURE OF ONE AMERICAN TWO MILES SOUTH OF HEADQUARTERS. HE HAD NO PAPERS OF ANY KIND.

A PARATROOPER? VERY GOOD. CORPORAL, YOU ARE DISMISSED!





CAPTAIN BROOKS WAS QUESTIONED FOR HOURS BUT HIS ANSWERS ONLY INFURIATED HAUPTMANN HEIDIG!

YOU WILL TALK! YOU WILL SCREAM FOR MERCY WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU. I GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THIS AREA?

I TOLD YOU, SIGHTSEEING!

SCHMIDT! DO ANYTHING YOU WANT, BUT MAKE HIM TALK! HE MUST TALK!

VERY GOOD, HERR HAUPTMANN, HE WILL TALK!

AN HOUR ALREADY! HE HAS FANTASTIC ENDURANCE! WHEN WILL HE GIVE IN?? HE MUST KNOW SOMETHING OR ELSE HE WOULD NOT BE 200 MILES BEHIND OUR LINES!



HERR HAUPTMANN... WE HAVE TRIED EVERYTHING! HE IS A DEVIL MADE OF IRON. HE WILL NOT TALK!

BAH! YOU ARE WASTING MY TIME. CALL A GUARD. HE WILL BE EXECUTED TOMORROW MORNING

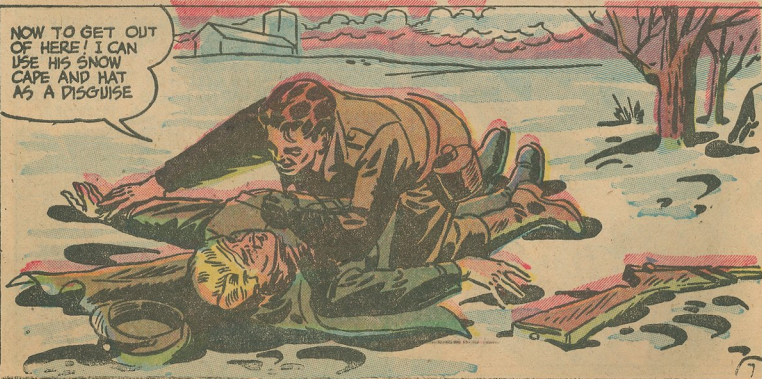
SO, YOU WILL NOT TALK... STUPID!... TOMORROW YOU WILL DIE! WALK FASTER!

I CAN'T MY LEG IS SWOLLEN!

IF I HAVE TO DIE, I'LL TAKE A FEW OF YOU WITH ME.



NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE! I CAN USE HIS SNOW CAPE AND HAT AS A DISGUISE





WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE...  
ACH, THE AMERIKANER!

YEAH, GIVE HAUPTMANN HEIDIG MY REGARDS... WITH THIS!



MEIN!  
NEIN!!!

THAT SCREAM'LL WAKE UP THE WHOLE BATTALION. I'LL HAVE TO RUN IF IT KILLS ME!



BROOKS' BODY WAS ONE SOARING PAIN. FOR TWO HOURS HE TRUDGED ALONG THROUGH THE SNOWY WILDERNESS, GROPING, HALF-BLIND UNTIL HE REACHED THE RENDEZ-VOUS.

IT'S CAPTAIN BROOKS! HE'S HURT!

CAPTAIN BROOKS! ...WE ARE COMING! THIS WAY OVER HERE...



I CAN SEE, THE S.S. GAVE YOU THE USUAL TREATMENT. A CURSE ON THOSE DOGS. BUT I AM CERTAINLY GLAD TO SEE YOU TWO!

BUCKY, YOU DID GET AWAY, AFTER ALL! HOW ABOUT THE REST?

CARLO LOST TWO MEN AND STEVE WAS SHOT. OTHERWISE ALL PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR!



TOMORROW? BUT HOW CAN YOU WALK IN YOUR CONDITION? WE'RE TEN MILES AWAY FROM THE BRIDGE!

I'LL MAKE IT! THE TRICONA BRIDGE JOB IS OVERDUE. THE LONGER WE TAKE, THE MORE JERRIES ESCAPE. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO WAIT!



LET'S MOVE OUT! CARLO- SEND TWO SCOUTS AHEAD! FAN OUT AND KEEP YOUR EARS OPEN!

TONI, GUIDO... UP FRONT!



THIS IS THE NORTHSIDE OF THE BRIDGE. THE SERVICE ENGINEERS LIVE IN THAT BARRACKS. THE DEMOLITIONS ARE KEPT IN A SHACK BEHIND IT. IT IS TOO RISKY TO TRY TO TAKE NOW!

YES. WE'LL WAIT TILL EVENING, WHILE YOU GIVE US A DIVERSION- ARY FIRE AND KEEP THEM BUSY, WE'LL PLANT THE CHARGES.









LET'S GO BACK TO THE CABIN.. SAY, WHAT THOSE MEN CARRY, CARLO?

AAAAH! A SURPRISE! WE HAVE TAKEN A GERMAN RADIO! YOU WILL WANT TO TELL YOUR HEADQUARTER ABOUT THIS, SI?



CALLING BARI. CALLING BARI. ROGER! VENTURE X-4 REPORTING... MISSION ACCOMPLISHED... OVER!

THEY WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR THIS NEWS. AH, NOW MY COUNTRY WILL BE LIBERATED A BIT FASTER!



THEY TOLD US TO SIT TIGHT! WE CAN EXPECT ANOTHER DROP AT DAWN. A BIG ONE!

IF THIS IS WHAT I THINK IT IS, WE'LL BE RIGHT UP IN THE FRONT LINES



LOOK AT THOSE ANGELS COMING IN. WHAT A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!

B-BUT WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO? THE BRIDGE... SHE IS GONE! THEY DO NOT HAVE TO BOMB.

JUST WAIT A MINUTE, CARLO!

MADRE MIA! WHAT A SIGHT! NOTHING COULD BE MORE BEAUTIFUL!

HOORAAA!



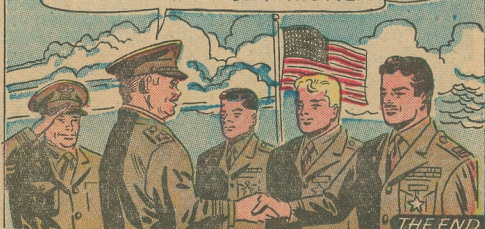
A FEW DAYS LATER THE WHOLE AREA SOUTH OF THE PO RIVER WAS LIBERATED. AND IN A PLANE BOUND AWAY FROM THE FRONT..

THAT WAS SOME JOB, BLOWING UP THAT BRIDGE! THE GUYS WHO DID IT PROBABLY AREN'T ALIVE ANY MORE. HEY...! THEY'RE SOUND ASLEEP! WHAT ARE THEY SO TIRED FROM?



IN THE LITTLE KNOWN HEADQUARTERS AT BARRI, A SIMPLE CEREMONY TOOK PLACE

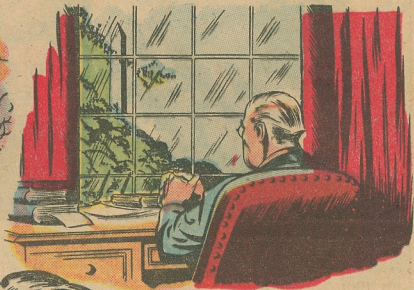
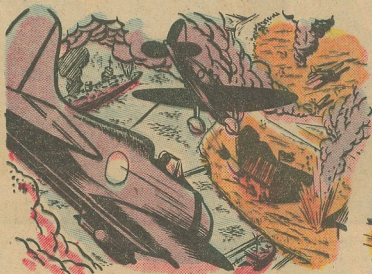
I AWARD YOU MEN THE SILVER STAR FOR ACCOMPLISHING AN ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE MISSION. THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TRICONA BRIDGE LED TO THE DIRECT CAPTURE OF 250,000 ENEMY TROOPS AND SAVED THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS. YOUR HEROIC ACTION WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN.



THE END



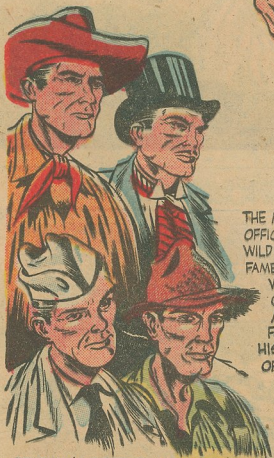
# THE SECRET ARMY



THE STORY OF THE OSS BEGAN ON THAT INFAMOUS DAY OF DECEMBER 7<sup>th</sup> 1941 --- PEARL HARBOR DAY! UP UNTIL THAT TIME THE UNITED STATES HAD NEVER OPERATED A DEPARTMENT WHOSE PURPOSE WAS THAT OF INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE!



TO ORGANIZE THE NEW MILITARY AGENCY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HAD TO START FROM SCRATCH. HIS PRIMARY PROBLEM WAS TO SELECT A MAN CAPABLE OF TAKING OVER THE TREMENDOUS TASK OF HEADING THE AGENCY. A MAN OF EXPERIENCE, WITH NEW CONCEPTS AND METHODS HAD TO BE FOUND --- BUT WHAT MAN?



THE MAN CHOSEN FOR THE HEAD OF THE OFFICE OF STRATEGIC SERVICES WAS WILL BILL DONOVAN! --- THE LEADER OF THE FAMED FIGHTING 69<sup>th</sup> OF WORLD WAR I! WILL BILL POSSESSED THE NECESSARY QUALITIES OF COURAGE, IMAGINATION AND INTELLIGENCE TO PREPARE HIM FOR ONE OF THE TOUGHEST JOBS OF HIS GREAT CAREER --- THE LEADERSHIP OF OSS!

DONOVAN'S FIRST TASK WAS TO FIND MEN FOR OSS PERSONELL. HE RECRUITED ONE OF THE STRANGEST ASSEMBLY OF MEN EVER KNOWN TO MILITARY HISTORY. BANKERS, GOLA JERKS, COWBOYS AND DOCTORS ALL BECAME AN ESSENTIAL PART IN THE BATTLE OF SUBVERSIVE WARFARE!



OSS'S MAIN PROBLEM WAS THAT OF SECRECY. SECURITY WAS THE WATCHWORD --- FOR ONE SLIP, ONE CARELESS BIT OF GOSSIP COULD ENDANGER THE LIVES OF HUNDREDS OF CLOAK AND DAGGER MEN AND THEIR IMPORTANT PROJECTS!

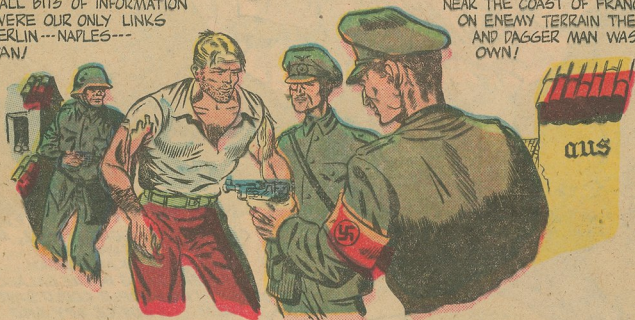




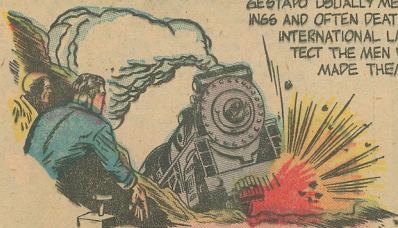
THE OBSCURE BUILDINGS OF OSS Housed WHAT WAS PERHAPS THE MOST MODERN AND EFFICIENT SECRET INTELLIGENCE AGENCY IN THE WORLD! SCIENTISTS, RESEARCHERS AND ANALYSTS WORKED CONSTANTLY TO PIECE TOGETHER THE SMALL BITS OF INFORMATION WHICH WERE OUR ONLY LINKS WITH BERLIN---NAPLES---OR JAPAN!



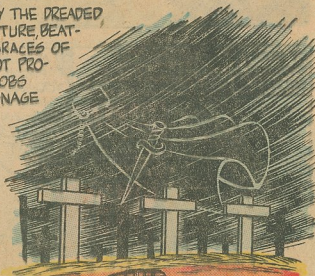
ANOTHER PROBLEM FACING OSS WAS THAT OF GETTING THEIR MEN INTO ENEMY COUNTRY... IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT A HANDFUL OF MEN WERE PARACHUTED INTO THE BALKANS... AT DAYBREAK A SUBMARINE MIGHT LAND ANOTHER HALF DOZEN NEAR THE COAST OF FRANCE ONCE ON ENEMY TERRAIN THE CLOAK AND DAGGER MAN WAS ON HIS OWN!



THE CAPTURE OF AN OSS MAN BY THE DREADED GESTAPO USUALLY MEANT TORTURE, BEATING AND OFTEN DEATH! THE GRACES OF INTERNATIONAL LAW DID NOT PROTECT THE MEN WHOSE JOBS MADE THEM ESPIONAGE



AGAINST THE LONG HARDENED PROFESSIONAL ESPIONAGE RINGS OF EUROPE THE UNEXPERIENCED ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES SECRET AGENTS MADE AN IMPRESSIVE SHOWING! THE CLOAK AND DAGGER MEN OF THE OFFICE OF STRATEGIC SERVICES FOUGHT A SILENT ENEMY--AND WON AN UNKNOWN WAR!



NOW THAT THE WAR IS OVER THE CLOAK AND DAGGER UNITS HAVE DISBANDED--DISBANDED BUT NOT FORGOTTEN! THE HERITAGE OF COURAGE, SACRIFICE AND HEROISM LEFT BY THE MEMBERS OF OSS SHALL BE REMEMBERED FOR ALL TIME!

**THE END**



# DOOM OF THE

# "MOROCCAN MONSTER"



ONE FATEFUL NIGHT IN 1942, THE LIFE OR DEATH OF THOUSANDS OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS HUNG IN THE BALANCE! ONLY TWO PEOPLE COULD SAVE THEM... A NOVICE SPY AND A GIRL WHO COULD NOT BE TRUSTED!

IT STARTED ON A HOT JULY EVENING IN LONDON... AT THE SECRET MILITARY HEADQUARTERS...



YOU SPEAK FRENCH, DON'T YOU, LIEUTENANT HARRIS? AND GERMAN ALSO?

YES, SIR! I'M FAIRLY GOOD AT BOTH!

THEN YOU'VE GOT A JOB! YOU VOLUNTEERED TO BE A SPY, HARRIS, AND THIS IS YOUR CHANCE! DOES THE IDEA SCARE YOU?



YES, SIR, BUT I'M READY!



THIS IS ALL I'LL TELL YOU NOW!  
A LANDING IS PLANNED FOR THIS  
NOVEMBER! IT WILL BE ON THE  
NORTH AFRICAN COAST! YOUR  
JOB IS TO DISCOVER WHERE THE  
OPPOSITION IS  
LIGHTEST!

... AND GET THE WORD  
TO THE AMERICAN  
FORCES! OKAY! I'M  
READY TO TRY IT!

THAT'S THE  
WAY TO  
FIGHT!

FROM THAT MOMENT ON,  
HARRIS WAS TRAINED  
CAREFULLY FOR HIS  
MISSION...

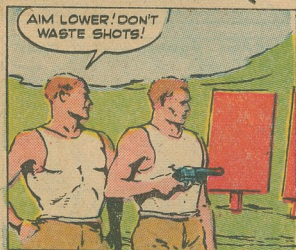


QUICK NOW! WHO ARE  
YOU?

I'M PIERRE  
DOLARD, A FRENCH  
MORACCAN COPPER  
TRADER!

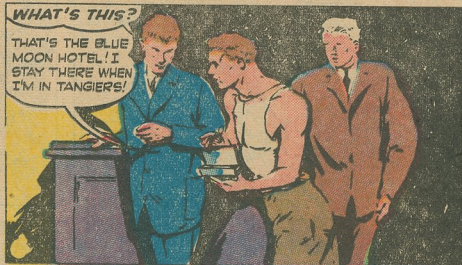


AIM LOWER! DON'T  
WASTE SHOTS!



WHAT'S THIS?

THAT'S THE BLUE  
MOON HOTEL! I  
STAY THERE WHEN  
I'M IN TANGIERS!



AT LAST HE WAS READY...

I SEE YOU'VE GOT YOUR  
CLOTHES! YOU'LL BE LANDED  
BY PARACHUTE NEAR ORAN...



HERE ARE YOUR PAPERS! YOU'LL GO  
TO THE EASTERN LIGHT BAR IN ORAN,  
AND OUR AGENT WILL CONTACT  
YOU THERE! DO YOU REMEMBER  
THE **PASSWORD?**

YES! IT'S  
"MONSTER  
IN  
MOROCCO!"  
SO LONG,  
MAJOR!





A FEW HOURS LATER...

OKAY,  
JUMP!

WELL, HERE  
WE GO!

THE NIGHT WAS ALL AROUND  
HIM, AND BELOW... ENEMY-  
HELD TERRITORY!

I'M DOWN ALL  
RIGHT! NOW TO BURY  
THIS PARACHUTE AND  
HIKE INTO ORAN!

HOPE THERE'S  
NO WELCOMING  
PARTY WAITING  
FOR ME DOWN  
THERE!

SOMEBODY'S  
COMING! LOOKS  
LIKE A SENTRY!

WAST IST? EIN  
PARACHUTIST!

IF YOU WANT TO PLAY

I CAN PLAY  
TOO!

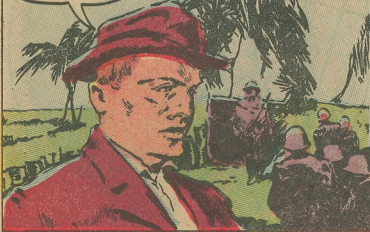
AMERICAN  
SCH!

THERE MAY BE OTHERS  
AROUND! I BETTER GET  
INTO ORAN!



THE AMERICAN AGENT REACHES ORAN...

HERE IT IS... THE EASTERN LIGHT! NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SIT HERE AND WAIT TILL I'M CONTACTED! PRETTY SOFT TOUCH... IF THE PLACE WASN'T FULL OF GERMANS!



I HOPE THE AGENT SHOWS UP PRETTY SOON! THEY SAY IT'S A WOMAN!



FAREWELL, LILY MARLENE  
FARE THEE WELL ♪

NOW IF THE AGENT TURNED OUT  
TO BE A GIRL...  
LIKE THAT...



FLOWERS, GIRL? FLOWERS?

NO...NO  
FLOWERS...



THESE FLOWERS ARE VERY  
GOOD, SIR... THE FLOWERS NO  
LONGER BLOOM SINCE THE  
ARRIVAL OF THE  
MONSTER IN  
MOROCCO!

THE PASSWORD.  
THEN THIS IS  
THE AGENT!

I SHALL BE SELLING  
MY FLOWERS OUTSIDE  
IF YOU SHOULD CHANGE  
YOUR MIND, SIR...

YES...YES...IF I  
CHANGE MY MIND  
I WILL COME...



I AM...

I KNOW! YOUR  
NAME IS HARRIS!  
COME WITH ME,  
QUICKLY!





AT THE WOMAN'S HOME, IN THE POORER SECTION OF THE CITY...

YOU SPEAK GERMAN TOO,  
OF COURSE?

YES...YOU'RE DISGUISED! I  
THOUGHT YOU WERE OLD...

AS AN OLD WOMAN I CAN  
MOVE AROUND OR AN MORE  
EASILY! IN THE OTHER ROOM  
THERE IS A UNIFORM OF A  
GERMAN SERGEANT- I BELIEVE IT  
WILL FIT YOU...

I'LL TRY  
IT ON!

FINE! I WILL GIVE YOU PAPERS  
AND GET YOU INTO GENERAL  
KLUGER'S HEADQUARTERS! HE'S  
IN COMMAND IN THIS AREA! IN-  
CIDENTALLY, MY NAME IS  
**SOPHIA!**

GREAT! THEN I SHOULD  
BE ABLE TO GET THE  
DOPE ON SHORE  
DEFENSES!

KLUGLER'S OFFICE  
IS IN HERE, ISN'T  
IT?

YES! THE GENERAL IS A  
FRIEND OF MINE! HE IS  
UNDER THE IMPRESSION  
THAT I'M A POLISH COUNTESS,  
FRIENDLY TO NAZI AIMS!

IN THE GENERAL'S OFFICE...

THIS YOUNG MAN ASKED ME  
FOR DIRECTIONS HERE  
GENERAL!

A SERGEANT,  
EH? TRANSFERRED  
HERE FROM  
TOBRUK AS AN  
OFFICE ASSISTANT..  
GOOD! I CAN USE  
CLERICAL HELP!

USE YOUR HEAD AND YOU'LL GET ON  
WELL IN MY OFFICE, SERGEANT! TAKE THESE  
PAPERS TO LIEUTENANT GRUBER AND HE WILL  
ASSIGN YOU TO WORK IN THE FILES!

SOPHIA, MY DEAR, YOUR PRESENCE IS THE ONE  
THING THAT MAKES THIS BORING  
JOB BEARABLE!

LET'S HOPE YOUR  
TASKS BECOME  
LESS BORING  
SOON!



THREE WEEKS LATER, ON A DARK ORAN STREET...

LISTEN, SOPHIA, THIS WORKING AS AN ORDERLY IS GREAT, BUT I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET A LOOK AT THOSE DEFENSE PLANS... AND THE **INVASION** IS SCHEDULED FOR TOMORROW!

THEN TONIGHT YOU MUST BURGLE THE GENERAL'S OFFICE! I'LL ASK HIM TO TAKE ME TO A CAFE!

GOING TO WORK LATE, SERGEANT?

YES! **ORDERS FROM THE GENERAL!** SEE THAT I AM NOT DISTURBED, PRIVATE!

I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST! HOPE KLUGLER DOESN'T DECIDE TO COME BACK... THERE MAY BE SOMETHING HERE...

TOO LATE! SOMEONE'S COMING!

HERE IT IS! THIS CHART MEANS THAT ORAN WILL BE HEAVILY DEFENDED! I'VE GOT TO WARN THEM OFF!

AH! YOUR SUSPICIONS WERE JUSTIFIED, SOPHIA! IT SEEMS WE HAVE CAUGHT A SPY!

NOW, AMERICAN, YOU TELL ME WHERE AND WHEN YOUR PEOPLE WILL LAND!

SOPHIA! SHE BETRAYED ME! SHE'S ON HIS SIDE!

I'LL TELL YOU NOTHING!





OH, AFTER A LITTLE TREATMENT YOU WILL! HERE IS A **SAMPLE!**



I'LL TELL YOU NOTHING...

IT'S NO USE, MEIN GENERAL! HE WILL NOT TALK!



I CAN SEE THAT YOU WISH TO HELP, SOPHIA!

IT ANNOYS ME! THE TIME WE ARE WASTING WHEN WE COULD BE DRINKING! I WILL MAKE THIS BEAST TALK! GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES WITH HIM... **ALONE!**



WHY ALONE, MY PRETTY ONE?

A GIRL COULD HARDLY WISH GENTLENESS TO SEE HER APPLY **LIGHTED CIGARETTES** TO THE FACE OF A CAPTIVE! I AM SENSITIVE ABOUT SUCH THINGS. PLEASE?



A PRETTY SENTIMENT! **FIVE MINUTES, THEN!**

THANK YOU, GENERAL! YOU DO WELL TO LEAVE THIS IN THE HANDS OF ONE WHO REALLY **UNDERSTANDS TORTURE!**



**YOU... YOU BETRAYED ME!**

I HAD TO! I LEARNED TONIGHT FROM THE GENERAL THAT THE PLANS YOU WERE LOOKING AT HAVE BEEN CHANGED!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN... CHANGED? THE PLANS INDICATED THAT ORAN WILL BE HEAVILY DEFENDED!

**BUT THAT IS NOT TRUE!** THE DEFENSE GARRISON HAS BEEN SECRETLY MOVED TO CASABLANCA! WE MUST GET WORD TO THE TASK FORCE THAT THE LANDING HERE WILL BE EASY!











AS HARRIS TALKS HE SHIFTS HIS BODY BACK AND FORTH IN FRONT OF THE LIGHT BLINKING OUT A MESSAGE...

THEY'LL LAND HERE ONLY IF I SEND THEM WORD!



VERY INTERESTING! WHY DO YOU QUIVER LIKE THAT? IS THE AMERICAN SUPER-SPY AFRAID TO DIE?

I SURE AM, GENERAL!

IF THEY SPOT THIS LIGHT THEY'LL GET MY MESSAGE!

ON A SUBMARINE JUST OUTSIDE THE HARBOR...

THAT LIGHT...IT'S BLINKING, CAPTAIN!

IT'S THE AGENT'S CODE! HE'S TELLING US!



ON THE PIER...

SO THAT'S THE STORY, GENERAL! NOW YOU CAN...

MEIN GENERAL! A BOAT! IT COMES FROM THE SEA!

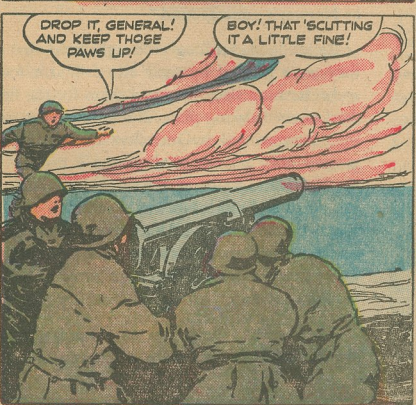


ORAN IS UNDEFENDED! HE'S TELLING US THE LANDING IS POSSIBLE! ALSO THAT HE'S IN TROUBLE! LOWER A BOAT! WE'RE GOING IN THERE!



DROP IT, GENERAL! AND KEEP THOSE PAWS UP!

BOY! THAT 'SCUTTING IT A LITTLE FINE!



LATER...

NICE GOING, YOU TWO! THANKS TO YOU THOSE BOYS WILL LAND HERE SAFELY!



THE END



# DESTINATION-DEATH

THE COLD AIR blasted through the bomb bay doors of the airborne B-17 where eight men sat huddled together. The fright and determination in their eyes made them stare blankly at one another, each busy with his individual thoughts. They were a strange sight, these eight men. Each was clad from his head to his feet in pure white. Heavy white shoes, light weight ski-suits with hoods, and parachutes were all a part of their weird garb. These were the men of the OSS, bound for their first mission!

For many months these men and many hundreds of others had gone through a period of rigid training—training unlike anything else in the history of the United States! Each man was hand picked and tested to see if he were mentally and emotionally qualified for the task ahead, and then the grueling study of "dirty warfare" was begun! On super-secret training grounds, less than an hour's drive from the heart of Washington, D. C., the strange process had its beginning. Here the men were taught to meet the enemy on the enemy's own terms. All ideas of clean sportsmanship were forgotten as OSS men learned the importance of a jab at the eyes or a slash at the Adams apple! They were taught how to blow a safe, operate short-wave radio, smuggle a document across enemy borders, and to ruthlessly kill! Each man mastered the most minute details of the local customs and mannerisms of the district to which he would be sent. Above all, he would learn to be *alert, resourceful and silent!*

The eight men seated in the barren B-17 had received even more specialized training after completing the basic course in Washington. For five months they were given expert ski-training on the slopes of Scotland and now they were ready—ready to make their first strike at the enemy behind his lines! *Their destination, Norway!*

They were an odd combination of men, different in their pre-war occupations, and from various levels of society, but with one purpose in mind; the destruction of the enemy! Captain Jimmy Bentley, leader of the group, was only twenty-three. He had been majoring in medicine

at the University of Michigan when war broke out. With him were two other officers, 1st Lt. John Foxx, a demolition expert; and 2nd Lt. Harvey Kane, a one-time Antarctic explorer. Of the five enlisted men, three had never been in a plane before. Les Hackett had been a bank teller in civilian life, Freddy Soule and Jack Hogan had driven trucks in New York, Wayne Foster was a former movie cameraman and Al Chapman was an ex-grocery clerk from Pittsburgh. Eight men against a half million kill-crazy Nazis!

The task of this tiny group of OSS men was to cut the vital north-south transportation lines and force the German army to run the gauntlet of the Royal British Navy at sea! It was a gigantic project—seemingly impossible—and yet nothing was impossible to the men of OSS!

At the end of January, Capt. Jimmy Bentley and his men parachuted into a mountainous spruce-timbered region of Northern Norway. The area was sparsely inhabited, the snow five feet deep and the temperature twenty below zero. The eight men landed separately and apart from each other. For hours they wandered through huge snow drifts, not daring to call out to one another, before they all got together. That night, under the protection of the moonless Norwegian sky, the group set out for a mountain cave which was their prearranged rendezvous with the men of Norway's underground.

Relief flooded through the eight tired men as they were greeted by their allies. Warm food and refreshing sleep prepared them for the first deed of their daring plan. The following morning, accompanied by members of the underground, they set out to dynamite a bridge on the Northland Railroad, the single line connecting north and south Norway. Each man carried a sixty pound pack on his back. Fortunately their modern wind-proof ski-clothes enabled them to move freely without being encumbered by heavy woollens and furs.

They reached the bridge on a Sunday, while the German soldiers were at church and the



guard relaxed. Inside the church while the pride of the German army kneeled at Mass, the men of the OSS were busy. The sound of a tremendous explosion shattered the Sunday calm! The first mission was accomplished, the bridge was totally destroyed! The actual dynamiting was the simplest part of the OSS's job. The hard part was to come—*escape from the Nazis!*

For three days the Nazis were hot on the trail of the OSS. Through a steady blizzard, the chase in the dense woods continued, with no rest for either hunted or hunter. One night as the eight OSS men paused in their wild flight for a few minutes respite, a small advance patrol of vicious Norwegian quislings penetrated near their camp. The graduates of the OSS training school at Washington had learned their lessons well. The Norwegian patrol was swiftly and deftly wiped out to the last man!

Captain Bentley safely led his men out of the woods and from their pursuers. A day later they started on their next act of sabotage—the destruction of a mile and a half of railroad track at a key junction near Oslo. During a heavy snow-storm Lt. Foxx and two of the men infiltrated past the German guards and planted demolition charges up and down the length of track! By using time fuses the small OSS unit got a substantial head start before the series of blasts aroused the bewildered Germans. The results of the explosions were better than hoped for—the stream of southbound German Army traffic was brought to a complete standstill!

Again the chase began. This time, however, the eight cloak and dagger men were chased by over two hundred enraged Nazis across steep snow-covered mountains. For mile after mile the pursuit went on with the Germans coming closer and closer. Whenever possible the OSS men took to their skis. The months of superior training in Scotland had not been in vain for the Nazis proved to be no match for the eight men when it came to skiing! Perhaps all eight might have escaped successfully had not bad weather and lack of food worked against them. At the end of six days the Nazi pursuers were close at the heels of the weary and depressed OSS men.

When it seemed his party of men was about to collapse, Captain Bentley called a momentary halt to their flight and held a conference in the seclusion of a huge snow bank. After a brief talk it was regretfully decided that the best chance for escape was for the group to split up. Lt. Foxx was put in charge of four of the men and Capt. Bentley led the remaining four. The two groups bid each other a grim farewell and parted. By this time the entire German occupation forces were alerted against them.

Lt. Foxx and his three men ran into difficulty a brief two hours later as they rounded a pass in one of the hazardous mountains. Facing them with loaded rifles stood a patrol of ten Nazis! Al Chapman made a valiant attempt to set off a stick of dynamite which would have destroyed the Germans, but the bullet from a Nazi gun ended both Al's attempt and his life! The other three men were taken prisoner.

Jimmy Bentley and his crew had better luck. They skied for thirty miles without halting until they had outdistanced their nearest pursuer. Their position, however, was far from good. Their food was gone, their clothing torn and their morale low. After finding comparative safety under a mountain ledge they tackled the first and foremost problem—food! With luck they managed to kill a reindeer and subsist on its meager pickings for three days. For weeks they hid in the barren and desolate mountains living primarily on barley and wheat-flour mixed with cold water. Just when it seemed that they were doomed to die of starvation and cold, their radio picked up the fabulous news of Germany's surrender! It took the last bit of remaining strength Jimmy Bentley and his three men had to make the four-day ski trip down from the mountains to the nearest town of Stinkjer. Bearded, weak, but triumphant, the four men watched the surrender of 4,000 troops of Nazi soldiers at the garrison of Stinkjer!

That night, after feasting on a tremendous dinner in their honor the four cloak and dagger boys sighed contentedly with thoughts of going home. The job was ended, the OSS as always, had been victorious!



# OVERGROUND RAILROAD



HALT! TRAVEL ON THIS ROAD IS **VERBOTEN!** YOU DIRTY PEASANTS NEVER OBEY... EAARGH!

I'LL SHOW THEM WHAT'S **"VERBOTEN"** THE **MURDERING JACKALS!** WE CAN USE THAT MOTOR-CYCLE NOW FOR OUR CARAVAN

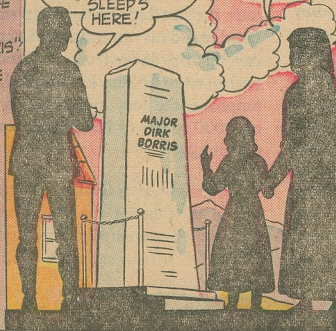
**TEUFEL! DONNERWETTER! NEEIIIN!**

IN 1944, A VAST ARMADA OF AMERICAN PLANES STRUCK THE RICH PLOESTI OILFIELDS IN RUMANIA, LEAVING IN THEIR WAKE GEYSERS OF FLAME AND HELLISH DESTRUCTION. A DEATH BLOW WAS DEALT THE GERMAN MECHANIZED FORCES WHICH DEPENDED ON OIL. BUT ON THE RETURN TRIP MANY OF THESE INTREPID EAGLES WERE SHOT DOWN OVER ENEMY CONTROLLED YUGOSLAVIA. HUNDREDS OF BIRDMEN WITH CLIPPED WINGS, HUNGRY, RAGGED, HUNTED BY THE GESTAPO, SLUNK FROM HIDING PLACE TO HIDING PLACE WITH BUT A FURTIVE HOPE IN THEIR HEARTS, UNTIL ONE OF THEM, MAJOR DIRK BORRIS, HATCHED A DARING PLAN WHICH BUILT AN **OVERGROUND RAILROAD TO FREEDOM.**

IN THE QUIET TOWN OF KREGNIS, YUGOSLAVIA, THE VILLAGE SQUARE IS NAMED "DIRK BORRIS." BENEATH THE SIMPLE MONUMENT ARE THE REMAINS OF AN HEROIC AMERICAN SOLDIER WHOSE NAME THE MONUMENT BEARS

HE WAS A BRAVE ONE, THAT MAJOR BORRIS. IT IS OUR HONOR THAT HE SLEEPS HERE!

ECH, HE WILL BE REMEMBERED ALWAYS



THE PLOESTI STRIKE WAS A HUGE SUCCESS! THE RUMANIAN OILFIELDS WERE LEFT ABLAZE AS THE AMERICAN PLANES RAINED INCENDIARIES AND BLOCKBUSTERS DOWN ON THEM





IN THE LEAD BOMBER WAS AN OBSERVER FROM THE O.S.S. WHICH HAD GATHERED THE SECRET INFORMATION FOR THE PLOESTI RAID.

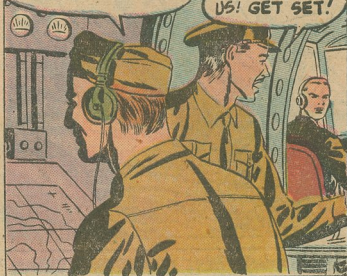
THE BOMB BAYS ARE EMPTY! WHAT A MESS WE MADE OF PLOESTI, THANKS TO YOU O.S.S. BOYS WHO PLOTTED THIS TARGET.

HITLER WILL HAVE TO GET A HORSE-DRAWN ARMY NOW! THIS WAS HIS OIL SUPPLY! HIS TANKS ARE USELESS NOW! GUESS IT'S TIME WE HEADED FOR HOME!



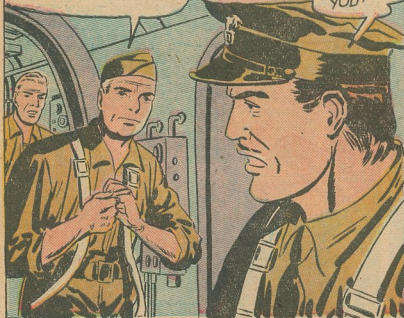
WERE OVER YUGOSLAVIA NOW... REAL ROUGH TERRAIN. WELL, A FEW MORE HOURS AND WE'LL BE... HEY! THAT'S GUN FIRE! IT'S AN ATTACK!

WASIT GUNNER REPORTS MESSERSCHMIDTS AT TWELVE O'CLOCK RIGHT ABOVE US! GET SET!



LEFT TWO ENGINES ON FIRE! PREPARE TO EVACUATE PLANE!

GO AHEAD BILL, HIT THE SILK! I'LL DITCH THE BOMBSIGHT AND FOLLOW YOU!



BILL, BILL, HOLD ON... I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU TO CUT YOU LOOSE!

HURRY! FROM WHERE I AM I CAN SEE SOME JERRIES COMING THIS WAY!



WE'LL HAVE TO RUN FOR IT! ALL WE HAVE ARE A COUPLE OF 45'S AGAINST RIFLES AND BURP GUNS.

WE'LL TAKE TO THE HILLS! THERE ARE PEOPLE AROUND HERE WHO HATE THE GERMANS AS MUCH AS WE DO! WE MAY FIND FRIENDS... O.K. YOU'RE FREE NOW! LET'S BEAT IT!







OOHWW! I CAUGHT A SLUG IN THE LEG... CAN'T KEEP UP WITH YOU... KEEP GOING DIRK!

GIVE ME YOUR ARM! I'M NOT LEAVING YOU HERE LIKE A WOODEN DUCK!



COME THESS WAY! WE ARE FRIENDS OF AMERICANS. THE GERMANS WILL NOT DARE COME HERE AGAINST ZARA'S BAND.

HALLELUYAH! I TOLD YOU WE HAD FRIENDS IN YUGOSLAVIA, BILL. A REAL PARTISAN GROUP! WE'RE SAFE!

WHEW! WHAT A RELIEF!

THE GERMANS WERE FORCED TO WITHDRAW. THE AMERICANS WERE LED TO A CAVE SECRETED IN THE HILLS.

WELCOME, WELCOME! I AM COMMANDER ZARA. WE SAW YOUR BURNING PLANE AND THE BIG UMBRELLAS FLOAT DOWN. WE CAME AS QUICKLY AS WE COULD.

WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE WITHOUT YOUR GROUP, COMMANDER. THIS IS CAPTAIN BILL JENKINS AND I AM MAJOR DIRK BORRIS.



THE OTHERS CAME DOWN BEYOND THOSE HILLS! SOME OF THE PEASANTS WILL HELP IF THEY ARE NOT TOO LATE. THE OTHERS... EXPECT THE WORST IF THEY FALL INTO GESTAPO HANDS!

YES, I HAVE HEARD WHAT THEY DO TO AMERICAN AIRMEN. WHERE ARE WE, COMMANDER!



YOU ARE NEAR THE TOWN OF KREGNIS, 150 MILES SOUTH OF ZAGREB. VERY VERY FAR FROM ANY ALLIED BASE!

HM... WE'RE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF YUGOSLAVIA, BILL. OUR CHANCES OF GETTING HOME ARE ABOUT ZERO!



AFTER A FEW DAYS HAD PASSED, MAJOR BORRIS CAME TO A SURPRISING DECISION...

ZARA, I MUST GET BACK TO MY HEADQUARTERS SOMEHOW! COULD YOU GET ME SOME PEASANT CLOTHES AND PAPERS, I'VE GOT TO RUN THE RISK.

I CAN DO THAT, BUT YOU ARE MAD! IT

IS AT LEAST 600 MILES TO YOUR HEADQUARTERS AND THE COUNTRY IS FULL OF GESTAPO

YOU CAN'T DO IT, DIRK! YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND!





BUT MAJOR BORRIS INSISTED AND SOON A STRANGE TRANSFORMATION TOOK PLACE.

GOOD-BYE, BILL! I HOPE WE MEET AGAIN! IF I SUCCEED MAYBE WE WILL...

GOOD-BYE, DIRK! IF ANYONE CAN GET THROUGH, YOU WILL.

REMEMBER ME TO MY FRIENDS ALONG THE ROAD. THEY WILL HELP YOU SOMEDAY, WHEN MY COUNTRY IS FREE, YOU MUST VISIT ME. GOOD LUCK MAJOR!

ZARA SENT ME TO YOU, BRUGA. HE SAID:

"THE BEARS ARE STILL BITING."

EHE, GOOD, GOOD, YOU ARE A FRIEND! BUT YOU DO NOT LOOK LIKE ONE OF MY COUNTRYMEN. WHO ARE YOU?

I WAS SHOT DOWN BY THE GERMANS! ONE OF MY FRIENDS IS WITH ZARA. HE WAS WOUNDED.

AN AMERICAN! THEN YOU WILL HAVE COMPANY HERE BRUGA HAS GUESTS.

BEHOLD! TWO MORE OF YOUR COUNTRYMEN. SAFE FOR AWHILE, BUT HOW LONG BEFORE THE GESTAPO SNOOTS SMELL THEM OUT?

HEY, MAC, LOOK, IT'S MAJOR BORRIS, DRESSED LIKE A PEASANT. WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?

I SEE YOU CAUGHT SOME SLUGS, I'VE GOT A WACKY IDEA THAT I CAN GET BACK TO MY HEADQUARTERS AND DO SOMETHING TO GET YOU BOYS OUT.

EVERYWHERE MAJOR BORRIS WENT HE FOUND ZARA'S FRIENDS HIDING AMERICAN FLYERS AT THE RISK OF THEIR LIVES. BUT MOVEMENT WAS SLOW AND GERMAN ROAD PATROLS WERE VIGILANT.

BELA ZUZNETS, MECHANIC... THE PAPERS ARE IN ORDER! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

I AM LOOKING FOR WORK IN ZAGREB. I HAD TO CLOSE MY SHOP NO BUSINESS! HOW I WISH THIS WAR WAS OVER!

HA, HA... SOON, WHEN WE HAVE DRIVEN THOSE STUPID AMERICANS INTO THE SEA, YOU WILL HAVE PEACE!

AN AIRFIELD! THE JERRIES MUST HAVE DOZENS OF THESE SCATTERED AROUND THE COUNTRY! I THINK I'LL LOOK AROUND. THERE'S A THOUSAND TO ONE CHANCE THAT IT MIGHT BE USEFUL TO ME.

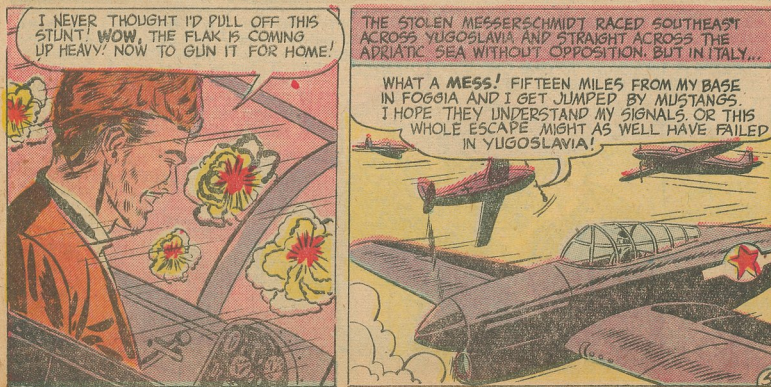
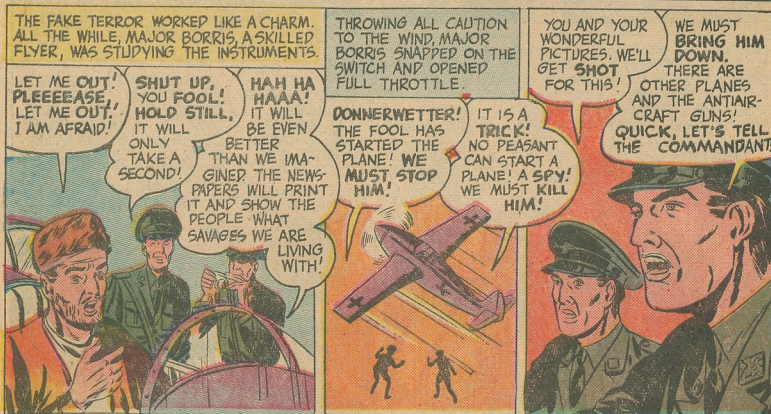
ACHTUNG FLUGPLATZ  
EINTRITT  
STRENG  
VERBOTEN!

DUMMKOPF! CAN YOU NOT READ SIGNS? IT IS FORBIDDEN TO ENTER HERE!

I... I WANTED TO LOOK AT THESE DEVIL BIRDS THEY ARE SO FAST AND MAKE SO MUCH NOISE. IT MAKES ME TREMBLE WHEN I SEE THEM.

HA, HA, HA. HA! THESE IGNORANT PEASANTS! NO WONDER THEY LOST THE WAR IN EIGHT WEEKS. DEVIL BIRDS! HA, HA! HEY PEASANT, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO FOR A RIDE?







PROBABLY SOME CRAZY HEINIE PILOT WANTS TO SURRENDER. THOSE MUSTANGS WOULD HAVE RIPPED HIM APART IF HE MADE ONE WRONG MOVE!

YEAH, AND IF HE TRIES ANY FUNNY STUFF HERE HE'LL GET A 30 CALIBRE SALUTE!

I'M MAJOR BORRIS OF O.S.S. I'VE JUST ESCAPED FROM YUGOSLAVIA AFTER BEING SHOT DOWN WHEN RETURNING FROM THE PLOESTI STRIKE.

O.K. WE'LL CHECK YOUR STORY WITH O.S.S. HEAD-QUARTERS. IF IT'S TRUE, YOU GUYS CERTAINLY LIVE UP TO YOUR REPUTATION.

IN O.S.S. HEADQUARTERS IN FOGGIA...

MAJOR BORRIS! EH GAD, IT'S GREAT TO SEE YOU! WE THOUGHT WE'D LOST YOU AFTER THE PLOESTI RAID. YOUR PLANE WAS SHOT DOWN...

HOWDY, COLONEL! I GOT PARTISAN HELP AND MANAGED TO STEAL A PLANE.

BEATS ME, A PEASANT DROPS DOWN IN A MESS-ERSCHMIDT AND TURNS OUT TO BE AN O.S.S. MAJOR... YOU CLOAK AND DAGGER BOYS HAVE GOT YOUR OWN PRIVATE WAR!



WELL, OLD BOY, YOU CAN TAKE A LONG REST NOW! MAYBE A LITTLE VACATION BACK IN THE STATES WILL DO YOU GOOD. YOU MUST HAVE HAD A GHASTLY TIME OF IT!

COLONEL, I WANT TO GO BACK TO YUGOSLAVIA AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

WHAT FOR, MAN? YOU LED THE PLOESTI RAID, JUST ESCAPING WITH YOUR LIFE! WE CAN'T RISK YOU AGAIN, SO SOON!

THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF SICK, WOUNDED AND DISHEARTENED AMERICAN AIRMEN IN YUGOSLAVIA. EACH DAY A FEW MORE FALL VICTIM TO THE GESTAPO. WE HAVE FRIENDS THERE! WE MUST GET THE BOYS OUT!

WELL I CAN'T ARGUE AGAINST THAT, ALTHOUGH IT DOES SOUND FANTASTIC! LOOK, GET A COUPLE OF DAYS' REST. I'M GOING TO CONTACT GENERAL EAKER ABOUT A RESCUE MISSION.



WITH THE SPEED THE O.S.S. WAS FAMOUS FOR, A PLAN WAS QUICKLY EVOLVED. TWO DAYS LATER...

GEN. EAKER SET ASIDE TEN TROOP TRANSPORT PLANES FOR THE RESCUE. THEY'RE READY TO GO AS SOON AS YOU GET THE LANDING STRIP AND RADIO US. THESE ARE YOUR TEAM MATES. CAPTAIN EDDIE SMALL. LIEUTENANT HAL GOODWIN AND SERGEANT MAX SAVAGE.

FINE! GLAD TO MEET YOU, MEN. I'D LIKE US TO BE DROPPED AT THE EASTERN BOUNDARY NEAR BULGARIA. I WANT TO WORK WEST AND NORTH SO THAT OUR FINAL PICK-UP WILL BE AS NEAR AS POSSIBLE TO THE BASE IN ITALY.

YOU'LL MEET YOUR CONTACTS OVER THE BORDER. GOOD LUCK MAJOR!

I'LL NEED IT! I'LL RADIO YOU ON ALTERNATE EVENINGS UNTIL WE'RE READY FOR THE PLANES.





FOUR MEN DROPPED THROUGH THE BELLY OF A PLANE OVER THE OLD BULGAR-YUGOSLAV BORDER. THE ODDS OF COMING THROUGH UNSCATHED WERE 100 TO 1.

IF THE JERRIES FIND PARACHUTES, THEY'LL HAVE PATROLS OUT FOR WEEKS. THROW YOUR CHUTES IN THE HOLE AND COVER THEM.

WE HEAD DUE WEST NOW FOR THE RENDEZVOUS POINT. I HOPE OUR FRIENDS ARE THERE.



THEY MUST HAVE SPOTTED OUR LANDING! KEEP LOW! CRAWL! BLACKEN YOUR FACES WITH DIRT! THAT'LL MAKE IT HARDER TO SPOT YOU!

THAT'S WICKED FIRE! WE'LL BE SAFE WHEN WE HIT THE WOODS OVER THERE!



THERE'S OUR SIGNAL! C'MON, LET'S MAKE A DASH FOR IT!

RIGHT BEHIND YOU, MAJOR!



AAAAH... SO YOU HAVE ARRIVED! I AM NICOLE, AND YOU, I HOPE FOR YOUR SAKE, ARE...?

MAJOR BORRIS! THESE ARE MY MEN! LET'S GO SOMEPLACE WHERE WE CAN TALK!



THE ONLY TRANSPORTATION I CAN GET YOUR BIRD MEN ARE OXCARTS. ANYHOW ANYTHING ELSE IN THIS COUNTRY WILL BE SUSPICIOUS SINCE THE GERMANS ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE TAKEN IT ALL.



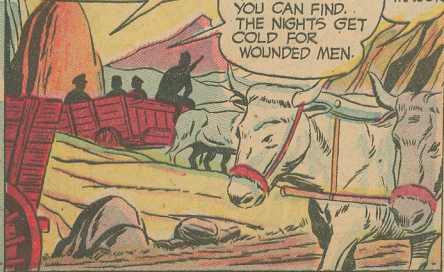
OUR FIRST STOP IS CZECHSTOVE. I HAVE PERSONALLY HEARD THERE ARE FOUR AMERICANS THERE. ONLY ONE CART WILL ENTER THE TOWN.

I WILL GO WITH YOU! CAPTAIN, ARRANGE FOR STRAW AND ANY COVERING YOU CAN FIND. THE NIGHTS GET COLD FOR WOUNDED MEN.

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT, MAJOR

EASY DOES IT! WE'LL BE OUT OF TOWN IN A FEW MINUTES.

WOW! WE THOUGHT THE GESTAPO WERE BARGING IN! WE'VE BEEN HIDING OUT FOR TWO MONTHS NOW. WE'RE SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU!





THE STRANGE CARAVAN MADE ITS STEALTHY WAY FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE PICKING UP THEIR PRECIOUS CARGO. THE ENEMY WAS ALL AROUND THEM.

SO FAR SO GOOD! THE GERMAN GARRISON IS JUST BEYOND THE STREET AHEAD. AND WE MUST PASS IT.

HALT! VERFLUCT!

PARTISANEN! DONNER! NEEEEEHNN!

THE GARRISON IS ALERTED! WE'LL HAVE TO WRECK IT!

THIS MAN JUST CAME FROM TOWN. HE SAYS THE GERMANS HAVE 40 MEN BILLETED THERE, BUT THERE ARE ALSO FIVE AMERICANS HIDING OUT!

WE'LL HAVE TO RISK IT! ONE CART AND ABOUT 25 OF YOUR BEST MEN. RADIO THAT WE'VE PICKED UP 57 MEN SO FAR SERGEANT.



DRUTE, MANYA, BRADO... SILENCE THAT MACHINE GUN! USE GRENADES!

THEY HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE! I HAVE TEN MEN AROUND THE BACK. THE GERMAN SWINE HAVE BEEN LIVING OFF OUR PEASANTS FOR TWO YEARS!

IT WILL BE MUCH HARDER FROM NOW ON! MORE PATROLS, MORE ROADBLOCKS, MORE GERMANS, BUT TOMORROW WE SHALL MEET ZARA'S MEN. OUR FORCES WILL BE DOUBLED.

THE NEXT MORNING

ZARA! BILL! IT'S ME, DIRK BORRIS!

I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES! MAJOR BORRIS! HOME WE'RE GOING HOME!

HOLY SMOKE! YOU'RE A MIRACLE MAN! AND ALL THOSE CARTS ARE FULL OF WING BUDDIES!



WE'VE GOT 162 AIRMEN GATHERED NOW. HOW SOON CAN YOU FINISH THE AIR STRIP, ZARA?

TOMORROW AT NOON! MY MEN WILL WORK ALL NIGHT! IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR WILD DREAM WILL COME TRUE AFTER ALL, MAJOR!

IT LOOKS CLEAN ENOUGH FOR THOSE CARGO SHIPS NOW, MAJOR. WHAT DO YOU SAY WE SEND THE ALL CLEAR TO FOGGIA AND ORDER THE PLANES IN?

ALL RIGHT THEY CAN COME IN ON A TEN MINUTE RELAY AND... WAIT! LOOK! JERRIES HEADED THIS WAY! GET THE CARTS MOVING AND SOUND THE ALARM!





**T**HE CARAVAN WAS SAVED BY THE SERGEANT, WHO RUSHED OUT AND QUICKLY SILENCED THE PATROL WITH GRENADES.

IT WAS SEVERAL DAYS LATER THAT THE HEAVIEST FIGHTING OCCURRED... WHEN THE AMERICAN FLYERS REACHED A SMALL ENEMY AIRFIELD. IN A DYNAMIC SURPRISE ATTACK THEY SUCCEEDED IN ROUTING THE OPPOSITION, BUT.....

C-CAREFUL YOU DON'T DAMAGE THE LANDING STRIP WITH THE GRENADES, S-SARGE...



LOOK! THE LAST HANDFUL OF THEM...AND THEY'RE RUNNING STRAIGHT INTO THE HANDS OF ZARA AND NICOLE! MAJOR... MAJOR!!



ENEMY SLUG G-GOT ME... WHILE BACK! QUICK...THE RADIO... O.S.S. HEADQUARTERS IN FOGGIA... RESCUE PLANES STANDING B-BY....

RIGHT, MAJOR!



I'VE GOT 'EM, MAJOR!  
**I'VE GOT 'EM!**

NO USE SHOUTING, SARGE... MAJOR BORRIS CAN'T HEAR YOU ANY MORE!



**T**HE HEADS OF THE GALLANT AIRMEN WERE BENT LOW WITH SORROW AS THE AMERICAN RESCUE PLANES APPEARED ON THE HORIZON!



AND SO THE BRAVE MAJOR SLEEPS... LIKE SO MANY... IN THE LAND WHERE HE DIED. AND BY SOME... LIKE ZARA AND NICOLE... HE WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN!

IT IS AN HONOR TO HAVE HIM WITH US! GOOD BYE!

GOOD BYE, NICOLE... ZARA.



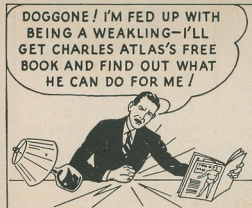
WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK? DON'T YOU AGREE THAT INCIDENTS SUCH AS THOSE, AND MEN LIKE MAJOR BORRIS, WERE IMPORTANT TO THE FINAL OUTCOME OF THE WAR? I KNOW YOU DO! AND I'VE ENJOYED GOING OVER THEM WITH YOU!

**SO LONG!**





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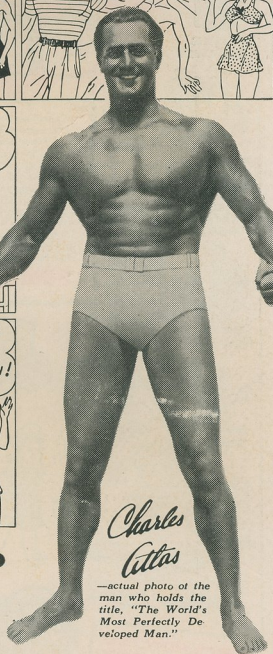
I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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(if any)

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JET ENGINE  
PLANE FLIES  
500 FEET!



TYPEWRITER



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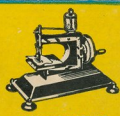
CHEMISTRY SET



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WRIST WATCHES  
FOR BOYS  
AND GIRLS



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GUITAR



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